

THE
LAST
ISSUE

CENT

OZ is dead

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN

This is the last issue of OZ, a magazine which was first published six years ago next April.

The cause of our demise, after all, is a lack of readers. Some would blame this on the quality of the magazine, although we prefer to think that the character of the magazine has changed, rather than its quality.

When the magazine began it sailed in colour to the mass of SATIRE, although it was in fact never more than 30% satire, even at its best. After a series of armed robbery, including "Mavis Banister", which originally boasted an "OZ NEWSROOM", there was the Court Case and boom days were with us — but an artificial boom depending on a false reputation for "obscenity" rather than satire.

It was inevitable that the boom would burst and we would tire of hitting the same old targets. God, Queen and RSL. Martin Sharp and Richard Neville left for England, where they commenced the still successful London OZ — a departure from ours to happenstance. We knew of no other Australian magazine that had begun a London edition with so much success — we were patiently, if a little forcibly, for our "Report Acker Award".

In Australia we began an association with the young producer Jim Sharpen and presented (in Sydney) the ON STAGE OZ, which had a jolly time being pashed from theatre to theatre, and "Sport of My Mad Mother". Culturally brilliant, financially disastrous. Our association with Jim Sharpen sprung up again last year with the production of "Terror Australia" at the Old Tote, for which Patrick White attempted to defend us from indifferent reviews.

With the departure of Neville and Sharp, a more serious tone was injected into the magazine. Some people preferred this, others didn't. We became the first publication to reveal the cause of Archbishop Gough's untimely death just as we were the last to label that

great Ugly American, Mr Ed the Talking Horse. We walked into a \$100,000 bid not from a gentleman whom the Sydney Press (with the notable exception of the Telegraph) have finally decided to expose.

But this was the beginning of the end. At this stage we did not have the money necessary to produce the new kind of magazine we were producing, which needed a new kind of reader. Advertising continued to elude us. Gordon & Gotch continued to refuse to distribute it, we continued to be crippled by reader non-involvement and major incompetence.

Australia has changed a good deal in the six years we have been in publication. We have passed from the innocence of Mervyn to the decadence of Gorton, from paternalism, through incompetency, to impotence. The country has passed from a perceptive state of tolerance to a brutal land of pogrom. We like the new mood and the new leadership as better than the old.

The Press has become no more responsible for giving the public a true grasp of reality. Even Murdoch has become more interested in buying up the worst big newspaper in the world than an honest editorial policy.

It has been decided that OZ is a minority taste it will be run as a minority publication. For those interested, an OZ Newsletter will

continue to be published each month, commencing February, presenting our version of what is really happening, as opposed to what the papers tell. Without any of the delays of posting and distribution we can present with more immediacy and frankness our point of view. It will be available only on subscription (\$2.40 a year) and will appear regularly. It will contain our political correspondents' columns, plus various items, previously described as "Pluggings" or included in "Oz By Derry Day".

All subscriptions to Box H143,
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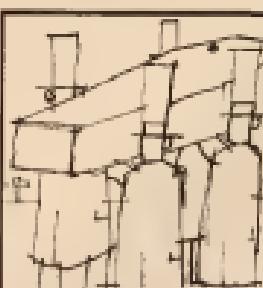
We are glad to have Martin Sharp back for a brother in what he laughingly calls "Down Under". We are grateful to those readers who have stuck by us through all kinds of national and international disaster.

Good Evening,
Richard Walsh

Dramatis personæ

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STRALIAN Telegraph Terror

Fresh angles in Sydney. Day after day the papers were filled with stories of their doings all around the world.

It was hard to believe that anyone other than Japan would be interested in the passing Australian wood chips.

An example of this is that

Australian experts are con-

sidered among the best in the

world if not the best. What

else can they be doing

but from the start the out-

ward Australians

day at Somers Beach

boots, slouch hats etc.

Jodhpurs, leather jerkins and

World War II dress as "national costume" at

London's Savoy Hotel for the contestants at

the Miss Australia pageant.

IF AUSTRALIA is soon to

have a new national uniform,

why not set a precedent for

others and have their national

athletics, one for Japanese

athletes, one for American

athletes, one for French, German

and one for English, and so on.

What's the matter with

one for each country?

That's what I think.

What's the matter with

one for each country?

That's what I think.

All Australian!
But could I get out again?
Burchett asks

Australian doctors have long ago shown that they are in the front line of all world developments in medicine. A constant stream goes overseas to study new techniques in special fields.

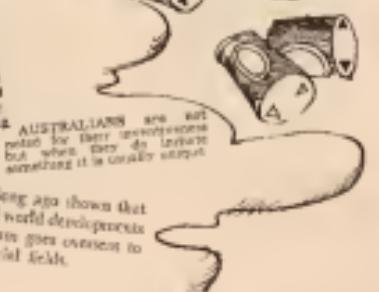
Australian Max Fulle was near the British at the field in the Rockies when he was captured by Indians. He was shot down after spending a week in the mountains.

THE Max Fulle fight with grim determination the Tommies had fought to a standstill. The Indian was a fierce fighter, well disciplined, the whole race.

AUSTRALIANS are not noted for their unorthodox sports but when they do invent something it is usually unique.

They are in the front line of all world developments in medicine. A constant stream goes overseas to study new techniques in special fields.

Geraldton Sun





Bunnies go a long way, penicillin is frequently successful in cases of leprosy and fireballs are quite common on the roads around Taras.

Tell us what Pope John did for your family. But don't be discouraged if you or any Catholic friend had an acceptable vision than Rome needs you. Fill out the coupon below and rush to your nearest confessional box. Our papal representative will call.

Roly poly Pope John was one of the best loved men of our time and we consider it high time that he was made a saint. Like all the other 79 pages.

But he is two verified miracles away from sainthood and a strong devil's advocate has been drawn against him. So, now is the time to start recalling any miracles through the intercession of our late spiritual father which you witnessed.

Remember, a miracle is a marvellous event defying the laws of nature and involving some supernatural agency. Whiteman qualities of detergents, speedability of race horses and pecuniary gains on greyhounds cannot be considered. Please bear in mind that many Australian clerics take water, Birdseye fishfingers and Cobbleby

YES, POPE JOHN WORKED FOR ME

My two favourite miracles are:

1.

2.

My name is:

I can be interrogated at:

(please specify)

I last confided on Sunday the
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BOOKSHOP

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THIRD WORLD

BOOKSHOP

Published in English for the first time last year, the diaries of Che Guevara must be accounted among the most important documents of this century. The diary, covering November 1966 to October 1967, ended hours before his death at the hands of a drunken Bolivian sergeant.

However the Yankee editors who published the diaries claim that several pages have been "lost". OZ refutes this with a triumphant publication of these pages, formerly suppressed by the obnoxious revisionists. These pages are copyright and they shall not be reproduced in any form whatsoever without the permission of the publishers.

ENERO

(4)

A tannous day. We approached several villages waving our rifles in welcome. They ran off quickly. I am afraid that that idea of Marcos was not so good. If we are to make friends here with the people we should not eat them.

(5)

We are forced to eat a low ranking officer. The morale of the guys is low indeed. Marcos has upset me by referring to the sudden onset of grey hair in my head. This is true, however it is more than compensated by my beard which is growing along nicely. I spared one villager his life when he took my photo. However I fear his camera was without film.

(6)

Another uneventful day. The incomes were very bad. I shoot 4 maceus.

MARZO

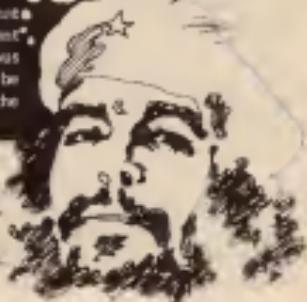
(14)

Pancho's birthday. After a day of marching around a rubber plantation (we are surrounded at the moment and cannot move far) we fell down weary at dusk. We quietly started on black beans. But Pancho belched and was shot dead by a stray bullet. I will name him.



The First Internationale

Dear Diary...



ABRIL

(6)

I had to speak to Moro. His crude jokes infuriate the man. When I asked him why he insisted on failing at inappropriate times he replied that he thought it was April Fool's day. - It shows how slowly the days pass here.

(5)

Pope became hysterical at morning tea. I had to explain that our mission sometimes meant giving up things like sugar. He talked for the rest of the afternoon. I was forced to speak to Moro again.

JUNIO

(9)

In an attempt to learn about the terrain of the district I took a peasant aside and questioned him. He was co-operative but frightened. Perhaps I should have combed my beard first.

(8)

A day of frolic and pork. Soon I will be 39. Already I feel the push coming from the younger fighters. I Indian-wrestled a few. I think Paulo's arm will mend quickly.

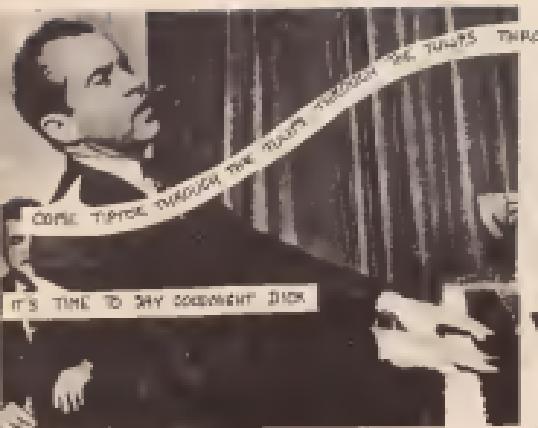
JULIO

(4)

Last night I was visited by (now estranged) who told me that it was in my best interest to make sure that (now estranged) I will act on this information immediately. One of the daughters may well have gestir.

(5)

She does indeed have gestir. This places an entirely different light on things. I roared four corporals and poked her furiously. After I left I believe the corporals got up and went home. I feel I was cheated.



AND NOW! IT'S JOHNSON AND NIXON LAUGH

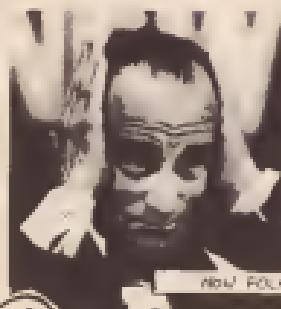


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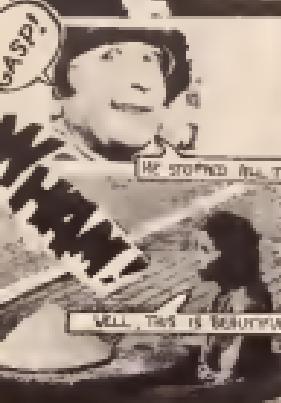


YES! AND FOR LAUGH-IN'S "MOD MOD WORLD", BEHOLD I GIVE YOU THREE IN OUR TIME

ROARING



NOW POLKS IT'S "SOCK IT TO ME" TIME



WE STOPPED ALL THIS STUFF



SOCK IT TO ME?

WELL, THIS IS BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN BURGANDY

BAY



YOU KNOW DICK? WE SEEM TO HAVE SOLVED ALL YOUR ELECTION ISSUES



FOR GODSAKE STOP LAUGHING THIS IS SERIOUS.



There is
for the



Martin Sharp: Expatriatism

This movement at the station
word had got around.

Hansard vs 1968

Mr GORTON—It is unusual that, being a man of peace (Harold Holt) should have presided over one of the greatest build-ups of military power that Australia has found itself engaged in
(13/7/68)

Mr ANDREW RONES—I did not begrudge him (Pie Kerr-Sembell) his right to hand out how-to-vote cards, but I did object to his wearing the Queen's uniform in so doing and in attempting to solicit votes on behalf of our party I then did not order him but advised him to take off his uniform. I gave him 30 minutes to do so. (14/7/68)

Mr LYNCH The micrometeor did no more than shout at the woman, bang the table and proceed to pour some water down the woman's throat.
(14/7/68)

Mr STEWART—The Minister for Defence (Frostall)... is the man who described the F-111 as "A super bird, the greatest thing with wings since angels. It is the Cadillac of the Air".
(15/8/68)

Mr DROWN I was taken up the hill by the honourable member for MacKellar (Wentworth). He said "This is the place for the new Parliament. Old Bob wants it down on the lake, but you stick to the hill." (15/8/68)

Mr JAMES—"Inside North Vietnam" was produced by Fr Eric Greene, who was born in Great Britain and lived the greater part of his life in the United States of America. A Roman Catholic by faith, I believe he is brother to Graham Greene, the Roman Catholic author.

Mr Andrew Jones—And a Communist!
(29/8/68)

Mr UREN—In Liverpool I attended a concert where 4,000 young people listened to music ranging from folk songs to songs of the Beatles. I felt a warmth radiating from the whole audience; I looked and I thought that there was some hope for the future.
(29/8/68)

Theatre Grants Surveyed in February MASQUE

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PHIZZGIGS

Ducking for cover

Australia's mysterious duck feather king, as he is described in his promotional literature, returned to Australia in time for Christmas and a big fat cheque from the Melbourne Sun-Pic.

The king is Mr Keith Hyland, who manufactures pillows in South East Asia, and the cheque was for allowing a reporter to write his first-person story of ten months' imprisonment by the Viet Cong.

The Sun-Pic let him off the hook for long enough to give a press conference when he arrived at Sydney Airport, and reporters were amazed to see how well he looked, and how disinterestedly — and vaguely — he spoke of his "ten months of terror".

In fact, there was only one moment when his courageous looks and that was at the end of the interview, when a reporter asked him to comment on stories that his factory in Cholon (the VC part of Saigon) could not have survived for so long unless he had been co-operating with the Viet Cong.

Mr Hyland, being nudged forward by the Sun-Pic man, replied: "Do you want to get me killed?"

It was an odd reply, but no odder than his earlier (and equally uninformative) answer to questions about why he, as a civilian, had been held for so long, why a guerrilla band would want him in the first place:

why, after ten months, they had suddenly let him go for no return, why he had said he was "young and holding", why he felt it would be dangerous for him to comment on the war, why he felt it was unsafe to say whether Australian and American intelligence had questioned him, and why his wife and baby daughter, whom (according to the Sun-Pic) he had never seen, had stayed in Bangkok rather than coming back with him.

The basis of the question was, no doubt, the rumour that Mr Hyland's "duck feather pillows" were more use than normal pillows in a pillow fight, and that he had lots of buyers who had pillows quite awfully to tote through the jungle. And that something had gone wrong in his happy family business, and some of his customers were keen to ask him why.

No one had a chance to ask him about this scandalous, but uninteresting story but there is no doubt he would come through any interview looking as well as he did after his press conference, or, indeed, his ten months of terror.

As one evening and blousy reporter commented at the airport: "If that's what ten months with the VC can do for you, I'll go to Hanoi instead of the Gold Coast for my holidays!"

In September, the golden girl of swimming, Linda McGill, got somewhat drunk with a friend and knocked off the road lamps in London (Euston's Court, naturally).

Both were seen and apprehended by

the local dogberry, one Sergeant Bobbridge who told a West London magistrate, Mr Cullen, that they had admitted doing it for a joke.

Miss McGill said: "It was just a silly prank. We really had no use for them."

Her friend said: "It was a terrible mistake."

Mr Cullen fixed them the grand total of £8.75 each, and discharged them for a year. Before doing so he said: "I have no doubt you thought there was going to be something funny about it."

"You were going to hang the lamps outside someone's flat, or something like that."

"It sounds funny when drunk, but not so funny in the cold light of day."

He told our Linda: "I don't want to ruin your character but you are now, on your own confession, guilty of stealing. You are a self-confessed thief."

Presumably he said much the same to her friend, who gave her name as Nicholas Michael Whitlock, 23.

We do not know whether Mr Cullen felt it was OK to brand a swimmer in this way, and not a policeman's son, or whether he accepted Nicky's plea without query.

But think what fun the Daily Telegraph would have had if they'd known that Whitlock is spelt Whistler in Australia, and yes, it's still Whitlock.

Hulme & Grovel

About a year ago, Mr Alan Showers, Bofors, went to open the ABC Staff Association's new headquarters (very nice, very plain).

His opening speech was somewhat

Nick's knack

It is nice to find that, even 12,000 miles away, a politician's son can keep out of the papers.

overshadowed by a much longer and better speech on the rôle of the ABC by Mr Gough Whitlam. But Mr Holmes was only too happy to try and rouse up the lousy by informal talk with important and ABC types after the ceremony.

Indulging (as is his wont) in the odd plug, he got quite talkative about the ABC and the problems it held for an ordinary, Country Party member like himself (Mr Holmes is alleged to be the origin of the joke "What does Holmes do?" "He's a country member" "Sure I remember, but what's his job?")

On that occasion, Mr Holmes was brave enough to talk about censorship, and made the following statement: "Look there are three books. Now I'm a broad-minded man — I like to have a look at these things as much as the next bloke. I mean, you and I, we'd read them on the plane trip to Melbourne, say. But let's face it, you wouldn't want them lying round your lounge room, would you? And you wouldn't want to see them on the screen!"

The remark, being off the record, was not reported. But it illustrates some of the problems Mr Holmes — surely the most interested man ever to occupy the ministerial post of PMG — faces.

As the old boys of the old boy network would have it, the programmes on the ABC — "YOUR ABC" as they naively describe it, as the postal union section with rage at its apparent inability to understand even the simplest of industrial disputes, as the Minister for Labour and National Service, Mr Flay, regrettably resorts to to pull him out of his latest impasse — in the midst of all that, Mr Holmes goes happily home to his wife, three children and two hobbies (bowls and gardening, according to *Who's Who in Australia*).

What hurts him most is to have his Establishment colleagues ask him questions about the ABC which imply that it's all his fault. Surely, no one would be foolishly to watch "the year of Hislop," as one sensible parliamentarian described it recently: or indeed any programme on which "bigges and left wingers are given more of a say than responsible citizens," to the NSW Chief

Secretary Bert Waller's phrase about a programme on justifies which he didn't sit.

Mr Holmes, like everybody else, knows the ABC can be — and is — censored and influenced quietly and efficiently through the old boy network, and knows also that the ABC administration will damp, drown and otherwise mangle stuff at the slightest whisper of protest from the Australian Club, the ILP, and the DLP, not to mention the personal friends of any commissioner. The only requirement is that the protest must be done quietly: it's no good getting it all in the papers before the corrections can be made.

Mr Holmes's background has always

been in the accounting field: he has been on a lot of parliamentary committees to cheapen budgets (he has also been ex-counsel to Australia for the Republic of Portugal, but that's another story). Thus he is not likely to assist moves by the backbenchers (so far unpermitted) to amend the act which governs the ABC, at least publicly, autonomy in its choice of programmes.

It looks depressingly likely that the old boy network, working through the enlightened opinions of men like Malcolm Mackay, Sir Wilfred Kent Hughes and Ben Kieran (not to mention Senator Gair and McMoore) will soon be able to do through Parliament what they can now only do through their clubs.

Nugget shines

The ABC *Cost of Housing* program is traditionally a place where English visitors (preferably one who has left about these weeks previously) can reminisce gaily about his time in the lucky colony.

How surprising therefore to find the first program of 1969 occupied by Dr HC Coombs wearing his hat of Chairman of the Council for Aboriginal Affairs and stating the government's policy on the Government's tenants project.

Dr Coombs said explicitly that Mr Paul Hasluck, when Minister for Territories, had had about his intentions in the area, that the Government through Nabada, the Swiss-controlled company, were pursuing a policy of 18th century colonialism, and that the process would virtually destroy the local aboriginal population.

Implicitly he made it clear that the government policy on aborigines added up to lying a little and doing nothing. This was suggesting not only because Dr Coombs is Chairman of a Government-appointed committee (albeit without executive power), but also because he managed to get it on to the ABC. Some observers saw the switch from the ABC's

normal policy of reticence (or "silence", as they prefer to call it) partly in personal terms. Dr Coombs is an old enemy of the ABC's General Manager, Talbot Duckenford, and Mr Duckenford was only too happy to supply the rope for "Nugget" to hang himself.

But others pointed out that this would suggest a display of independence quite foreign to Duckenford's normal way of thinking and insisted that there must have been at least tacit approval from at least one member of the ministry. Naturally they looked no further than Billy Wentworth, the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs. Mr Wentworth is still smarting from the defeat (for bipartisanship he calls it) he suffered over the Gnangara land rights issue, and a little public opinion on his side would not go badly next time.

Predictably his only comment on "Nugget's" content was "no comment" and regrettably it appears the crusade was more in terms of equal rights in the ministry for Billy Wentworth than equal rights in Australia for aborigines. Only two days later Mr Wentworth told a Perth conference of student Christians that it was too early to introduce equal wages for aborigines and that it would be decades before they could take their places as full members of the full white community.

On leaving as I found they had the words "Mediary High" embossed in their names if not indeed engraved upon their hearts.



From our Political Correspondent

With 1968, The Year of John Gorton (the unluckiest year in the world) drawing to an end, bored political correspondents occasionally knock out the silly season by banging their heads against a wall or interviewing the Prime Minister, according to taste.

The muckrakers who had taken the latter course had generally started by asking the man what he had done during the year; a question which invites a reply of two words totalling seven letters, and that, of course, is what they get out of the interview.

That his crassest statements are given some hidden meaning, his bawdier pronouncements are called caution, his most embarrassing public outbursts are glossed with either sympathetic laughter or well-bred sneers, rather as one would treat a drunken spatsie who starts drooling at the mouth but can't really help it.

His unilateral and unconsulted decisions on oil policy and the MLC (which infuriated cabinet and led to the resignation of some of the few remaining intelligent advisors to the government) are called active and astute, and when he hags a member of the opposition during the meaningless ritual of a committee motion debate, decides Malting Matilda (his favorite night club singer) is Australia's national song, or opens an obscenity (though not as obscene as the Liberal

Party would wish) country show with the words

"It ain't raining on me
it's raining on the ground
And an every damp drop
I am more foister all around"

the press gat has indignantly on the head, rather as the manner of a bemotted owner giving his retarded dog a biscuit.

But, even as the press bends over backwards to put in John Gorton's pocket (illustrators please note) there are indications that they are not altogether happy. The Melbourne Age's Canberra man, Alan Barnes, somehow massed out on the exclusive interview (half an hour) but did a review of The Year on Gorton in it, he felt reluctantly compelled to report that there were a lot of scandals and untrue rumour floating around about Gorton's personal life. Mr Barnes didn't say which rumours he meant.

(1) that a female member of the Prime Minister's personal staff has had a nervous breakdown,
(2) that a female reporter was dismissed from her job after a very late party hosted by Gorton wound up in the residence of the American ambassador,
(3) that Luisa Musella, a female singer who performed in Chequers recently, is writing a piece for the English magazine Private Eye on the time she met Gorton in her dressing room.

(4) that a couple of staff members from Parkes Match are floating around Canberra gathering material for a picaresque titled "Les Amours de Jean Gris Gorton".

There are others still less likely, such as the crypto inscription "Gordon rocks pig", painted on a wall in Newtown. But, having indignantly denied that Mr Gorton's personal life is anything less than angelic, Mr Barnes went on to admit (in the *GE* award for understatement of the year) that the Prime Minister has been known to have a drink after work.

However, smirking the Liberals are unhappy about John Grey and would like to replace him (assuming the sun might rise tomorrow) it will still be hard for them. The McMahon-McEwen feud is still bubbling behind the scenes; and even if the idea now being cosmopolitanly canvassed in the Liberal ranks of making McEwen Governor-General and McMahon Ambassador to Washington were feasible (it isn't), the succession problem would be a hard one. The cut and thrust (not to mention stab and gouge) in the cabinet was unchristianised at ever, and it is not helped by the fact that the man who seems to carry most weight with Gorton is not a Liberal at all, but the untrustable Mr McEwen.

The Labor party is in its usual state of total warfare, and as Whitlam remains happily about health and urban development, the Left and Right have quietly agreed that loyal old Lance Barnard is the man to step in after the next defeat.

Senator Gair, the Prime Minister in shadow, who (in spite of what Gorton said) was the man who stopped the early election, is becoming progressively (if one can use the word in his context) more powerful, and it would appear that 1969 (not to mention 1970, 1971, 1972, etc) should see us striding gaily backwards into the sunset.

As Mr Gorton said: "It ain't raining on me . . ." It isn't either. It's us it's raining on, and it's raining that.

Soul Brother Hubbard

One of the problems facing those who want to ban Scientology is that, as no one knows quite what it is, no one knows quite what to ban.

Victoria took the easy way out and banned the cult *in toto*. Western Australia decided to pursue a series of open-mindedness as to whether it is a religion or not, and, in some of the most unlikely sounding legislation of the decade, has merely made it an offence to claim to diagnosis emotional reactions by the use of an electric galvanometer — apparently an essential part of the young scientologist's program towards becoming a Theta. New South Wales and South Australia appear likely to take similar action, in spite of vigorous protests by such talented defenders of civil liberties as Don Dunstan and Professor Harry Mayo, both of whom apparently (and quite logically) see Scientology as neither more nor less of a sucker trap than any other organized cult or religion.

Aimed to describe Scientology in a single sentence, the British Home Secretary, Mr Richard Crossman, told the House of Commons "It's a fraud", and quickly sat down again. It undoubtedly is, but it's a fraud of Hitlerian magnitude.

In 1952 an American called Martin Gardner wrote an excellent book called *Fads and Fallacies*, in which, along with Pyromaniacs, Homosopaths and Flat Earthers, he devoted a chapter to Dianetics — as the purative version of Scientology was called. Most of the following information is taken from this book (reprinted by Dover in 1957).

Mr Gardner's documentation is impeccable, and will not be repeated. But one thing he apparently missed in the story of the start of Scientology, a story so cynically improbable that he may have decided to ignore it as another fad, or fallacy. The story goes that shortly after the war, a group of science fiction writers held a筹operative discussion gathering in California (where else?) in which

they ended up discussing ways of making money. Among those present was certainly John W. Campbell Jr., editor of *Analog* (now editor of *Analogy*), and early supporter of Deasies, another probable giant was A.E. Van Vogt, a good, but mad, author.

The meeting ended with the decision that the best possible way to get rich quick would be to found a "scientific religion", and laughing, they dispersed. But from the back of the room a quiet, prolific (but unfortunately semi-literate) author walked out with the air of a man who had finally heard the call. He was, of course, L. Ron Hubbard.

His first book, *Discover the Modern Science of Mental Healing*, appeared in 1950, with a big blurb by John Campbell (who described Hubbard, quite inaccurately, as a nuclear physicist). Dianetics says all mental ill are caused by "engrams", which are misinterpreted or distorted memories of things that happened in youth, in utero, or in extreme cases before conception. Asked by a trained "auditor" the patient recalls these events, and is cured.

So far, so banal, although that very rough and ready form of psychoanalysis seems unlikely to produce the separation (or "clear") Hubbard claims it will. (Hubbard, incidentally, is not himself a "clear"; he explained recently that he didn't have the time, preferring to spread the gospel instead.)

But, quite apart from the large amount of money the auditors managed to gouge out of their Trilby-like patients, there were signs that they used other, less harmless methods. Blackmail was handed at various forms of punishment — sometimes even physical — coercion. However, as no patient ever complained to the police, not much could be done to stop it, if in fact the rumours were true.

Meanwhile Hubbard continued to write, his books getting wider and wider. His abilities in conversation and other forms of osmosis, and in 1952

thus published *Breakthrough*, which must be the most remarkable book never printed.

Stories in science fiction magazines revealed that Hubbard gained the information for *Breakthrough*, while dead for eight minutes during an operation. It contained the basic uncopyrighted secrets of the astral.

About another of his books, *Self Analysis*, Mr Hubbard was more modest: "Self Analysis cannot raise the dead," he wrote. "Self Analysis cannot empty atomic nuclear or stop war. These are the tasks of the atomic auditor and the group dynamic technician."

Maybe the claim of *it all* was too much for Hubbard, shortly after it was published his third wife, Sara Northrup Hubbard, successfully sued for divorce, claiming Hubbard was a paranoid schizophrenic, that he had tortured her during pregnancy, and in the opinion of doctors was hopelessly insane.

If he was, he gathered all the way to the bank. After a short break, Hubbard was reborn as Scientology, and Hubbard, having awarded himself a doctorate of Scientology, was back to tell the nation that each of them has a "form being" that had been around for 74 million years, and that the reveal of the dead by the use of dianetics was just around the corner. A.E. Van Vogt called this "the first scientifically acceptable explanation of the idea of the human soul."

As can be seen from all this, it is not easy to frame laws against Scientology which do not set a rather nasty precedent. If you believe—almost "blindly" do—that everyone is entitled to hold whatever crazy beliefs he wishes, as long as they don't hurt anyone else, it is very hard to nail Scientology. You may be convinced that it is nonsense, at best a fraud and at worst a vicious confidence trick, but there are many who don't. And there are a lot of people who would say the same about, say, the orthogyn system of the Roman Catholic Church.

Certainly, salvation through dianetics is no more (or less) insane as also that the not so old-fashioned idea of salvation through buying an endowment, or, for that matter, the very modern idea of salvation through ANZUS. And it isn't anything like as destructive, or expensive, as the latter.

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MEDIA/TEDIA

APOLOGY

In the "Media Tedia" of last issue we predicted, in error, the demise of the magazine *People*. *People* is in fact very much alive and living on Broadway (Sydney). Perhaps we were confusing it with *Life*, which folded at that time (*Oh Life, Oh People - how you confuse us!*)

When a compositor on the *Sydney Star* recently threw in his resignation, he was asked to put it in writing. He did — in the top goss column of the early afternoon edition. It was removed thereafter.

Four weeks before it all happened, the *Sydney Morning Herald* booked a reporter and photographer into a Springwood hotel to await the bushfires they knew would come. One reason they came because so bored as to go out with strong arms and matches and get the bloody thing over and done with.

Peter Clifton's latest little enterprise is to tack his name on to a recent film length collection of the *New York TV* series. He's dragging it to the cinema circuit under the title of *The Beat*.

Historical Relics

Here's your last chance to pack up back issues of *OZ*. The following are available in limited supply. After three months all back issues in our possession are to be destroyed. Some day you'll become collectors' items. Only 10¢ each for the following or \$1.50 for the lot. Nos. 3, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 23-40.

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Gone Oz. After that he can always turn it into a radio serial.

Let Robesson's *Fame/Film* art bounding to the bank with Skippy the Kangaroo. Although Skippy is dragging in big money from the States, the film alone accounts for only a third of the gross. The rest is made from commercial endorsements. In some areas, only the backing of Kellogg is getting the screws on air.

No one is begrudging Robesson a comfortable old age, after all, his earlier adverse career with Chap Rafferty lost. But Skippy's success could well lead to a rash of tap-dancing anti-entertainments and yodeling warhorses.

The Living Theatre Group recently displayed its varied talents at the Yale Drama School with a quartet of noisy electronic holocausts. The closing piece — *Parade Now* — involved audience abuse, interpolated with graphic sex scenes. After a particularly vociferous anti-capitalist money-burning scene, one person remarked: "These people keep saying money means nothing, but I notice they charged me four dollars to get in."

Admired few were the New Haven cops who arrested the Group's husband-and-wife directors, Julian Beck and Judith Malina.

Commenting on his decision, Police Chief Alberto said "All the rest of the world may be a stage, but not the court of York and Chapel."

Whatever happened to Muhammad Ali? A full page ad. in *Vanity, Amsterdam* shows him ring, unnoted, that the former Cassius Clay is now available for lectures, nation wide training tour, personal appearances, theatre, country fairs, schools, colleges and one-nighters.

A few months ago, three Greek writers were arrested for constituting

to a Greek camp magazine *Eikones*. In it they described Democritus, Anacharsis and Sappho as queens and explained that pedophilia was not held to be unusual in the classical era.

When they were suddenly released from trial, it was found that the writers intended to quote from the present Greek Minister for Education's article in the 1935 Greek Encyclopedia in which he praised classical homosexuality.

A few days after their release, the writers were summoned to the office of Mr. Leventis, the General Secretary of the Ministry of Public Order and whipped about the face with the butt of the Minister's revolver.

"We are dealing," wrote Kenneth Tynan, "in the present Greek context, with paganism."

Two notes from the publishing world

Macmillan's, who, it will surprise no one to learn, are publishing the autobiography of their chairman, Harold Superior, not waiting apog to find out what the third volume will be called.

The first was *Kind of Change*, the second *Storm Over Sea*. Betting at the first discount a confirmation of the meteorological motif in American Christene

In Australia, Lansdowne are putting their teeth in preparation for the release of another book of autobiographical memoirs — by none other than Arthur Calwell.

We are told Arthur regards it as a complete answer to a book called *Afternoon Light* by the former member for Kooyong.

One story is that Arthur is determined to set up *Afternoon Light* in every respect, even the frontispiece, and is at present desperately searching for a picture of himself with a greater nobility than the late Sir Winston Churchill (retained with Sir Robert in *Afternoon Light*).

But whatever the outcome of this latest confrontation between our national figureheads, Arthur must take points for the title. His book — or at least *Volume One* of it — is to be called *Going Down Fighting*.